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A
WALK
TO
ISLINGTON:
WITH A
DESCRIPTION
OF
New. Tunbridge-Wells,
AND
Sadler's Musick-House.

By the Author of *The Poet's Ramble after Riches.*



LONDON, Printed in the Year 1699.

24. July.

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All Written by the same Author.

A
W A L K
T O
I S L I N G T O N , &c.

IN Holiday-Time, when the Ladies of *London*
Walk out with their Spouses, or think themselves
(Undone;
When Whores have a more than an ord'nary Itching
To visit the Fields, and so Ramble a Bitching;
When Vigorous Youth the young Damsel engages
In Meadows, on Haycocks, or under the Hedges;
When Flesh and the Devil do greatly prevail,
And the Dame must have Prudence that governs her Tail;
When Honour in Wedlock by Lust is betray'd,
And the Maids are a gog to be otherways made:

Then I, like my Neighbours, to sweeten my Life,
Took a walk in the Fields, but for want of a Wife,
Was forc'd to take up with a Lady of Pleasure,
Who I turn'd off at Will, and enjoy'd at my Leisure:
We faunter'd about near the *New-River-Head*,
Where we prattled and tailed, tho' what 'twas we said,
If you'd have me Discover, indeed I must fail you,
Because 'twas on Business improper to tell you.
I found by her Words I her heart could command,
So quickly we settled the matter in hand.

We

We rambled about, till we came to a Gate,
 Where abundance of Rabble peep'd in at a Grate,
 To Gaze at the Ladies amidst of their Revels,
 As fine all as *Angels*, but wicked as *Devils*.
 My Mistress, I found, had a huge inclination
 That we should add Two to the Lewd Congregation:
 I willing to yeild (for prevention of Strife)
 To my Mate, as a Married Man would to his Wife,
 She telling me Threepence a piece was the Price,
 I once let her make me a Cull for a Sice.
 Being pleas'd that I seem'd of so good a Condition,
 She call'd me her *Dear*, to reward my submission.
 And when she had righted her Hoods and her Pinner
 We entred the Walks to the rest of the Sinners:
 Where *Lime-Trees* were plac'd at a Regular distance,
 And *Scrapers* were giving their wofull assistance;
 Where *Bards* with their *Jills*, and good *Wives* with
 (their *Daughters*)
 Were met to *Intrigue* and to Tipple the *Waters*:
 Some Drinking, some Puffing, some sitting, some walking,
 And *Beaus* with their *Bells* were Cringing and Talking.
 Some *Citizens* too, one might easily know
 By his formally handing his *Whaber d'ye go*,
 For in the old order you're certain to find 'em,
 Advance with their Tallow fac'd *Daughters* behind 'em;
 For whether to *Church*, or to *Bandy-house* bent,
 It's always their Custom to put on the Same:
 And look so demure, one would think 'twas their Fashion
 To say a long Grace, e'v'n before Copulation.
 'Twas pleasant to see how the fly Female Creatures
 In Pomp led their Amorous Slaves in their Fetters, With

With side-looks endeavouring new Hearts to command,
 Regardless of those they had got by the Hand;
 Desirous of Trading with some *Interloper*,
 Disdaining old *Plugtail*, unfit for a Stopper.
 The Wives of our Traders, those Jems of the City,
 Who thus with their Leers and their Glances invite-ye,
 From Court draw Examples of Leading their Lives,
 And use their Fond Husbands, as Courtiers their Wives,
 But Just for a Show; and with some hidden Treasure
 Keep *Gallants*, as th'other do *Whores*, for their Pleasure.
 And that you may know such a good Wife as this,
 From the Buxom *Suburbian*, or common *Town-Miss*,
 In Colours most proper her Picture I'll Paint,
 And shew you a Devil drefs'd up like a Saint.

She puts on a sanctifi'd Look for Disguise,
 Yet *Sparrows* and *Goats* may be seen in her Eyes:
 But Ogle her well, you may read at first Sight,
 How oft she desires to be Lov'd in a Night.
 So formal her Mouth, that her Lips seem to Cry,
Come Kiss me, my Dear, or I Vow I shall Dye.
 She Minces her Steps but to pleasure her Rider,
 Her Pace she can alter, and lay her Legs wider.
 Her Arms by her sides are so formally Posted,
 She looks like a *Pullet* Truss'd up to be Roasted.
 True Dancing-School-Breeding, in her is Recorded,
 She shows all she Learn'd, when at *Hackney* she Boarded:
 The Swell of her *Bubbies*, and Jut of her Bum,
 To the next brawny Stallion, crys, *Come, my Dear, Come;*
 The poor Fool, her Husband, she lugs by the Arm,
 Who proud of his Rib, never thinks any harm:

B

Whilst

Whilst her Amorous Squints, full of Lustful Desire,
 Proclaim him a Cuckold, to all that go by her.
 Her Gown is of Sattin, and wants no Expence,
 Such as worn at the Court about sev'n Years since.
 Her Head-dress of Point, a Gold Watch by her Side,
 Was giv'n her the day she was first made a Bride.
 Her Petticoat loaded with Fring to the Top,
 Notwithstanding its weight, will come easily up.
 When ever she Talks, 'tis to rail against Evil;
 And hates a Lewd Woman as bad as the Devil;
 Because the Profession of Whore gives her Title,
 To too much of what she herself has too little:

So pamper'd with Ease, and Luxurious Diet,
 She never can keep her Concupiscence quiet:
 These Dames were the Top of this Female Convention,
 Who Trade for true Pleasure, and not for a Pension.

The next I observ'd, were a Number of Creatures
 O'th' Feminine Gender, with very good Features;
 Patch'd up with odd Remnants, from Brokers Collected,
 From whence by us Judges, they might be suspected
 To Labour beneath so unhappy a Fate,
 As to pay by small Sums, what they wore by the Great.
 Their Trains hung of different lengths from the Bum,
 Which shew by their Size, how their Hearts are o'ercome,
 By an answerable Penis, or suitable Sum.
 As Rattle-Snakes, bred in the Indies, ne'er fail
 To tell you their Age, by the Joynts in their Tail;
 He's therefore mistaken, who treats 'em like Horses,
 Instead of their Mouths, you must look at their Arses:
 These all were so feeble, there's none could withstand
 An agreeable Bribe in the Palm of her Hand,

Tho.

Tho' stout as *Minerva*, I'd knock her flat down,
 By the wonderful force that's contain'd in a Crown;
 Perhaps she'd for half condescend to be Civil,
 And Humble with Pains, both the Flesh and the Devil.

Another kind sort, with good honest-look'd Faces,
 From the *Hospital*, *Change*, and from such sort of Places,
 Were come with intent to be Kist by the by;
 Who scorn to be Hired, yet scorn to Deny.
 In kind melting words, let them know your desire,
 And Swear you must do't, they'll not make you a Lyar;
 But think themselves under a strict obligation,
 To answer unbrib'd the sweet end of Creation.

The Sparks that attended to make up the show,
 Were various; but first we'll begin with the *Beau*;
 Whose Wig was so bushy, so Long, and so Fair,
 The best part of Man, was quite cover'd with Hair;
 That he look'd (as a body may modestly speak-it)
 Like a *Calf* with bald Face, peeping out of a *Thicket*;
 Or else like an *Hedg-hog* rowld up in his Bristles,
 Hides all but his Nose in his *Perule* of *Thistles*:
 His Locks drudg his Coat, which such filchiness harbours,
 Tho' made of Black-Cloth, 'tis as White as a Barber's.
 His Sword, I may say, to my best of belief,
 Was as long as a Spit for a Sir-Loin of Beef;
 Being grac'd with a Ribbon of Scarlet or Blue,
 That hung from the hilt, to the heel of his Shoe.
 His gate is a Strut which he learns from the Stage;
 When Heroes by Whores are put into a rage,
 And vow in revenge how much Blood shall be spilt,
 To punish the flights of some Tirmagant Jilt.

Thus

Thus proud, as a Turkey-cock spreading his Plumes,
 He stalks thro' the Walks, so enrich'd with Perfumes,
 No Altar of Incense could with him Compare,
 His Nostrils breath'd none but Orangery Air.

His Wig, and his Handkerchief, Gloves and Cravat;
 Smelt sweet as the Arse of a *Muscovie*-Cat.

His Snush-Box each minute was open'd with Pains,
 To fill his Head fuller of Snush than of Brains:

Thus Congies and Bows, with his Hat in his Hand,
 And is each common *Fili*'s Humble Slave to Command.

Abundance of these the Whores had at their Call,
 But in showing you one, you've a sight of them all.

The Children of Fortune were next worth Observing,
 By Stratagem kept, or from Hanging, or Starving:
 Who bred to no Business, but train'd up in Evil,
 Are Cunning in hussling the Bones of the Devil;
 Go on, and you here shall Impartially view,
 In this little *Speculum*, one of the Crew.

His Leers are as Sharp as the Looks of a Hawk,
 His Carriage Obliging, and Fawning his Talk:
 In one Pocket Cards, and False Dice in the other,
 To Cozen his Friend, or Impose on his Brother:

For this is a Maxim by Gamsters maintain'd,
 At Play there is neither Relation or Friend.

When th' Box at the Table has once a beginning,
 He thinks upon nothing but cheating and winning.

He quickly is Broke, and Recruited as soon,
 Having more Revolutions by half than the Moon.

What ever by Knavery he wins from a Cully,
 At th' Royal-Oak-Lottery he loses thro' Folly.

To

To day he is Rich, and on top of the House,
 To morrow as Humble and Poor as a Mouse.
 Thus Fortune, altho' she be Curs'd often for't,
 But makes her poor Minions her Scoff and her Sport;
 And deals by her Sons, like a Bitch of a Mother,
 To snatch with one Hand what she gives with the other.
 He's sometimes as Gay as a Stallion at Court,
 Perhaps the next day has lost all to his Shirt:
 Thus stript, having nothing of Worth to deposit,
 He sneaks into Rags that lay by in his Closet.
 Thus wanders a sham'd, till by Sharping and Tricking,
 Or flinging Levant with the hazzard of Kicking;
 Or else by th' assistance of some common Bitch,
 H' has rais'd himself up to's Original Pitch:
 Thus Sharking and Shifting, in Quarrels and Strife,
 He spins out the Threads of a Troublesome Life;
 Till by an old Pocky Consumption he's hurl'd,
 As poorly out, as he came into th' World.

The Amorous Tribe that next hither Resorts,
 Are the Fry of the Law, from the Three Inns of Courts;
 Who usually want (you may read in each Face)
 More Wit than Good Fortune, less Money than Grace.
 His Parents great Hopes, yet the chief of their Trouble,
 Compos'd of two Cocks-combs, the *Beau* and the *Bubble*:
 Let loose to all Follies, by th' want of no Guilt,
 Turns Cully to *Royal-Oake*, *Sharper*, and *Jilt*:
 No Money but what pays a Debt does he Grudge;
 Thus scorns to be *Just*, as he hopes to be *Judge*.

The next were a Crew of Extravagant Blades;
 Tho' Born to Estates, yet are bred up to Trades:

As Merchants Apprentices, Sons of the City,
 Who think to be *Lewd*, is the way to be *Witty*:
 Or finely to Dance, and to Sing a New Song,
 Are th' only Two Graces to Man do belong.
 Thus led by the fury of Youth, without thinking,
 To Bawdy-house, Play-house, to Gaming and Drinking,
 Disdaining good Counsel, Reproof or Command,
 Till spent what was painfully got to their hand;
 Then full of Repentance, Despair, and Vexation,
 Are Sold, like bad Goods, to some Foreign Plantation;

By this time it happen'd, without Pill or Potion,
 Or help of the Waters, my *Breech* had a motion;
 Left Doxie alone, and the Place chanc'd to chuse,
 Assign'd for the Laxative Ladies to use:
 Not knowing my Error, I shut to the Door,
 In order to do what I hinted before,
 And who should come running immediately after,
 But a pretty young Damsel to scatter her Water;
 Who being in haste, had the scurvie mishap
 To thrust open the door, and clap *Arse* in my Lap:
Ads-wounds, said I, *Lady fair*, as I'm a Christian,
 I never deserv'd from your Sex to be Pist-on:
 The Lady, surpriz'd at the voice of a Man,
 Gave a skip like a *Squirrel*, and out again ran.
 A curse on the Hovel, if lighter 't had been,
 Bless my Eyes! what a delicate sight had I seen?
 Her Person denoted her of such a Genus,
 I dare to engage she'd a Bum like a *Venus*:
 So soft, that I thought, I for ever cou'd feed on
 Such forbidden Fruit, like an *Adam* in *Eden*.

When

When Nature was Eas'd, I went back to the Garden;
 And for my long stay, beg'd my Mistresses Pardon:
 But Fir'd with the touch of this Sattin Bumfiddle,
 The Dart of the God prick'd my Heart like a Needle.
 I look'd all-around, having noted her Gown,
 But alas! My dear Bird from the Grotto was flown.
 I sigh'd when I found I'd no Cure for my Pain,
 But to Kifs my old Mistress again and again;
 It being well known, to an experienc'd Lover,
 A Flame rais'd by One, may be quench'd by Another.

When pretty well Tired, with seeing each Novice
 Bow down to his Idol, as if sh'was a Goddess;
 We walk'd by an Out-house, we found had been made
 For Raffling, and Lott'ries, and such sort of Trade;
 And casting an Eye into one of the Sheds,
 Saw a parcel of Grave Paralitical Heads,
 Sit sipping of Coffee, and poring on Paper,
 And some Smoaking silently round a VVax Taper;
 Whilst others at *Gannon*, grown Peevish with Age,
 Were wrangling for Pen'worths of Tea made of Sage.

In a Hovel adjoining, a cunning fly Fox,
 Stood shov'ling of Money down into a Box;
 Who by an Old Project, was picking the Pockets
 Of Fools in huge Wigs, and of Jilts in Gold Lockets;
 Who're strangely bewitch'd to this National Evil,
 Tho th' Odds that's against 'em would Cozen the Devil:
 The Board ev'ry time, I observ'd, was a Winner;
Pox on 'em, says some, *I have paid for my Dinner*:
 Whilst others in Passion rose up, that were broke,
 And Curs'd the late Act that suppress not the Oak;

Of

Of which I've heard one thing that's worth Observation,
They've ruin'd most Families throughout the Nation,
Who rais'd their Estates by the Old Sequestration.

A Cunning Projector, stood musing hard by,
 Who was formerly known to've a Finger i'th' Pye;
 He lean'd on his Cudgel, and I being near,
 He breath'd out these Words, which I chanc'd to o'er-hear,
A New Royal-Oak with two Balls, and the Cheat
Will be thought twice as Fair, yet be doubly as great.
And why with two Balls? Cause it's very well known,
A Pair pleases Ladies, much better than One.

And having thus Spoke, in a Petulant mood,
 He trodg'd on to Sadler's as fast as he cou'd.

To gaze at the Lottery I stood by a while,
 See the Gamsters all Frown, and the Lottery-man Smile;
 Some Scratching their Ears, others Biting their Nails,
 Cause their Hands fixing away, what was earn'd by their
 Tails;
 Some Cursing of Fortune, and calling for Wine,
 Their Stocks being lost, knowing nowhere to Dine,
 Were begging the Board, with a sorrowful Heart,
 To allow 'em a Coach, who deserv'd but a Cart.
 Thus tired with standing, we Rambled from thence,
 And left the poor Fools to be gullid of their Pence.

The Jills with their Cullies by this time were Prancing
 Within a large Shed, built on purpose for Dancings;
 Which stunk so of Sweat, Pocky Breaths, and Perfume,
 That my Mistress and I, soon avoided the Room,
 And left the Lewd Herd, to examine new Faces,
 And practice their Buttock-ball, Capers and Graces,
 At Bezridge's Learnt, and at such sort of Places.

Being

Being Surfeited now with this dull Recreation,
 Our Fancies inclin'd to some pretty Collation
 Of Cheescakes, and Custards, and Pidgeon-Pye-puff,
 With Bottle-Ale, Cider, and such sort of stuff.
 Thus being resolv'd, I consulted my Dear,
 And ask'd if she knew any Place that was near,
 Would yield us some Pastime, as well as Good-Chear.
 Who after a little Debate, made a Bargain
 To turn into *Sadlers* for sake of the Organ;

The kind part of Females being alwaies advancing
 (For pleasure) the Interest of Musick and Dancing.

We enter'd the House, were conducted up Stairs,
 Where Lovers o'er Cheescakes were Seated by Pairs.
 The Organs and Fiddles were Scraping and Humming,
 The Guests for more Ale on the Tables were Drumming,
 And poor *Tom*, amaz'd, crying, *Coming, Sir, Coming.*
 The Faint-Hearted Youth, who was fearful to ask
 His Lady the Question, had call'd for a Flask;
 That by the kind Juice, with more Courage inspir'd,
 He boldly might Beg what she fondly Desir'd.

Whilst others, ill-bred, lolling over their Mugs,
 Were Laughing & Toying with their *Janes* and their *Jugs*;
 Disdain'd to be Slaves to Perfections, or Graces,
 Sat puffing Tobacco in their Mistress's Faces.

Some 'Prentices too, who had made a bold Venture,
 And Trespass'd a little beyond their Indenture,
 Were each of them Treating his Mistress's Maid,
 For letting him in, when his Master's a Bed.
 They tippled like Fishes, and prattled like Parrots,
 And Gobbled down Cakes, as a Sow would do Carrots:
 My Love to you *Thomas*, I thank you, good *Betty*;
 I must have a Kiss. But I Vow I won't let ye

VVhy *Roger* Kist *Nanney*, and *Philip* Kist *Jenny*;
 And I'll have one too: Poh, the Devil is in ye:
 You'll never have done till I give you a Schooling;
 You've rumbled my Head, that you have, with your Fooling;
 You think, I believe, that my things Cost no Money;
 I wonder you'd do so, you great silly *Tony*.

By this time the Drawer had brought us our VVine,
 VVith Tarts, Cakes, and Custards, and all that was fine,
 To which we sat down, and did Eat, Talk, and Tipple;
 To solace our selves, like the rest of the People.
 For want of a Third in our Mess, we were fain
 To use *Hertfordshire* kindness, *Here's to you again*.
 And then, that my Lady might smile at the Jest,
 I drank in a Bumper, a Health to the best
 Of Women in *Christendom*; she condescended
 To pledge me, believing 'twas her I intended.
 Thus having Refreshed our selves after our Walk,
 We look'd o'er the Gallery like the rest of the Folk;
 Without side of which, the Spectators to please,
 Were Gods Painted roving in Clouds and in Seas;
 A *Nymph* in a Fright, running over the Water.
 And *Neptune* to Kifs her was Riding Post after.
 Another chaste Damsel turn'd into a Lawrel;
 To hinder *Apollo* from handling her *Squirrel*.
 Of such sort of Stories the Pannels were full:
Europa bestriding a God like a Bull;
 From whence City Dames first were taught the ill uses
 Of Riding and Ruling their Horn-Headed Spouses.
 Our Eyes being glutted with this pretty Sight,
 VVe began to look down, and examine the Pit;
 VVhere Butchers and Bayliffs, and such sort of Fellows,
 VVere mix'd with a Vermin train'd up to the Gallows!

As

As Buttocks and Files, House-breakers and Padders,
 VVith Prize-Fighters, Sweetners, and such sort of Traders;
 Informers, Theef-Takers, Deer-Stealers, and Bullies,
 Old Straw-hatted Whores, with their Twelve-penny Cullies;
 Some Dancing and Skiping, some Ranting and Tearing,
 Some Drinking and Smoaking, some Lying and Swearing;
 And some with the Tapsters, were got in a Fray,
 VVho without paying Reck'ning were stealing away.

VVhich made Lady Squab, with her Moonifi'd Faces
 By the side of the Organ, resume her old place;
 VVith hands on her Belly, she open'd her Throat,
 And silenc'd the Noise, with her Musical Note;
 The Guests were all Hush, and Attention was given,
 The listening Mob thought themselves in a Heaven;
 If the Ravishing Song which she sung, you wou'd know,
 It was *Rub, rub, rub; rub, rub, rub; in and out bo,*
 As soon as her sweet, modest, Ditty was done,
 She withdrew from her VVicker, as Chaste as a Nun.
 The Butchers so pleas'd with her warbling strains,
 Both Knock'd her, and Clap'd her all round for her Pains.

Then up starts a Fiddler in Scarlet, so fierce,
 So unlike an *Orpheus*, he look'd like a *Maui*.
 He runs up in Alt, with a Hey, Diddle-diddle,
 To shew what a Fool he could make of a Fiddle;
 And has such an excellent hand at a Pinch,
 He hit's Half a Note, to a Quarter of an Inch.

Then in comes a Damsel drest up in her Tinsy,
 Too Homely and Slutish, to Tickle ones Fancy;
 By her Impudence sure, tho' she's Ag'd but Eleven,
 She knew how to Sin by the time she was Seven;
 Arm'd *Amazon* like, with abundance of Rapiers,
 VVhich she puts to her Throat, as she Dances and Capers.

And

And further, the Mob's Admiration to kindle,
 She turns on her Heel, like a VVheel on a Spindle;
 And under her Petty-coats gathers such VVind,
 That Fans her, and cools her, before and behind.

The next that appear'd, was a Young Babe of Grace,
 VVith Mercury in's Heels, and a Gallows in's Face;
 VVhole Sawcy Behaviour, and Impudent Air,
 Denotes he was born for a *Barthol'mew-Faire*.
 Begot in a Cellar, at Head of a But,
 His Father a Tapster, his Mother a Slut;
 And that the Good Liquor might o'er him prevail,
 No Pap did they give him, but Nurs'd him with Ale:
 Thus wrap'd in Blew-Apron, instead of a Clout,
 VVas Rock'd in a Tap-Tub, and Christ'ned in Soot;
 VVhich makes the Child's Impudence greatly surmount
 A Hundred bold Bastards, Baptis'd at the Font.
 In Dancing a Jig, lies the chief of his Graces,
 And making strange Musick-house Monkey-like Faces.

Then in a Clowd, Prefersome my honest Friend *Thom*,
 VVho looks by his Bulk to be Lord of the *Damoz*;
 He cocks up his Hat, draws his Heels to his Arse,
 And makes his own Person as good as a Face:
 But since thou art Honesty and fills me good Name,
 I'll let thee alone, and not spoil a good Dance.

And has such an excellent hand at a Trench,
 He hits a Hall a Noce to a Quarter of an Inch.

Then in comes a *Damozel* dress'd up in her Tinsel,

Too Homely and simple to Tickle ones Fancy;

By her Impudence, sure, she the Age but Eleven

She knew how to sin by the time she was seven;

And with abundance of Officers

VVhich she puts to her Throat as the Dance and Capers

And